

A PROVIDENTIAL DISCOVERY

When the fair was ended we had forty dollars net. An' the members of the Circle had been duly called an' met To agree on how to spend it for the glory of the cause, An' agreeable to custom an' the Circle's rules an' laws.

Sister Sarah Newton Tarbox thought it a-rite to go to pay On the minister's back salary, an' Sarah had her say. An' Sister Mary Colby pointed out it wouldn't do Under sub-division sixty-six of chapter twenty-two.

Sister Sarah, squelched, set silent an' she wouldn't say a word Save this now, an' then, sarvative, to the Circle she referred To the heather, fat an' lazy, in a far-off farin clime, An' the preacher outen flour more'n halt the mortal time.

Sister Prudence Wilson Contours humbly ventured to suggest That the minister was needin' of a Sunday school an' vest. An' we argued on it, prayin' till the whole plan was knocked out By a leetle pint of order raised by Sister Susan Stout.

Sister Prudence set there thoughtful through the follenin' debate, With her Christian spirit ruffled, an' allowed she orto state For the clearin' of her conscience that she wouldn't onco demur If we threw it in the river, it was all the same to her.

Sister Amy Elleg Drogges thought the money shud be lent To some needy soul an' honest at a moderate per cent. But the by-laws of the Circle, so said Sister Squeer, On the plan of lendin' money wa'n't exactly plain an' clear.

Sister Amy Ellen hinted she had nothin' more 't say On the plan that she suggested, to the Circle she referred. But she said it was a pity the committee on expense Hadn't framed the Circle's by-laws in accord with common sense.

Sister Eulalia Springins said she thought it plain to see What a Furrin Mission Circle's bounden duty orto be. An' she couldn't see how preachers of the Spirit was to roam With the Furrin Mission Circles spendin' money here at home.

At which Sister Phoebe Lucy Brown arose, an' summat heit. Said she guessed she knew her duty, an' she didn't choose to set An' to hear a sister hitten' in a most onchristian way. That the Furrin Mission Circle was a goin' fur astray!

An' then Sister Springins told her that she hadn't meant no slur On the Furrin Mission Circle an', leastwise of all, at her. Said she knew that Sister Phoebe knew her business, it was true, An' she'd heard she knew most everybody else's business, too.

Then good Sister Patience Hitchcock said the Circle better burn Every cent of it than quarrel, an' she motioned to adjourn. At which Sister Ellen Jackson riz up slowly on her feet. An' declared there was an error in the Circle's balance-sheet.

'Stid o' havin' forty dollars over all the fair's expense She had found we had a deficit of sixty-seven cents. She had got her fingers crossed when she added up her sheets An' had put expended items in the column o' receipts!

So with harmony prevailin' Sister Springins led in prayer, An' Sister Phoebe Lucy Brown observed to Sister Blair That we're all poor, mortal creatures, but don't seem to understand How the good Lord holds us, helpless, in the hollow of His hand!

—J. W. Foley, in the Century Magazine.

IN LOVE WITH A MASK.

By MAE MARIN.

The Casino des Fleurs was ablaze with light. As you came up the hill you could see through the orange trees and cypresses of its garden the flash and glitter of its many colored lamps slung from bough to bough. Along the terraces and balconies gleamed rows of brilliant tinted lights, and the soft, mellow glow of shaded lanterns swung and flickered in the charmed April air.

Carriage after carriage stopped at the steps to set down its burden of cloaked and masked figures. Within the rooms were already crowded, yet still more and more guests politely shouldered their way into the big hall, for it was the night of the White Redoute, and all Cannes and half of Nice and Monte Carlo were there.

"One has to go, you know," said a stout Englishman in a white tulle dress trimmed with gold embroidery, "though I don't suppose it will be much fun."

His companion put his hands into the pockets of his silk breeches—he was dressed as a Breton peasant.

"One seems to be making an awful fool of one's self," he said, "but they tell me I must go, and Duval sent me in this dress. I suppose it's all right."

And they passed on.

In the ballroom dancing had already begun.

A young man dressed in the costume of a cavalier stood gazing at his white-feathered hat by the door. Below the golden lovelocks a touch of shadow round the ear betrayed his complexion, and a long, drooping moustache marked strikingly that portion of a pale face which the black velvet mask had left visible.

It presently became evident that he was waiting for some one.

A murmur of admiration ran along the double rows of spectators who stood at the door watching the new arrivals. A woman was coming up the red-carpeted steps, on a man's arm, of course. At the top of the steps she dropped her hand from his sleeve, and walked forward alone.

This woman was clothed in long, flowing white draperies, crinkly and sparkling with dew or diamonds. Long ribbons of golden watered silk and great glistening white water lilies formed a wreath that fell from her shoulder across her bosom, and so down to the hem of her skirt.

"Undine!" said voice after voice, as she went along.

"You wish!" he said, offering his arm as he gained her side. "How is one to recognize you? Thank fate, the mask does not cover the mouth, or I should never have known you."

"Thank me, rather," she said. "Would you have known me if I hadn't been at the pains to smile your way?"

"No," he answered, frankly, "at least not at once."

They danced, many a clown, many a punch and peasant watched the cavalier enviously as he swung his partner around to the smooth step of the waltz.

But when the last notes died away she leaned heavily on his arm.

"I am tired," she said, rather wearily; "let us rest; unless you have any other name on your programme for the next dance?"

"You know," he answered directly, "it is I only come here to see you. I want to talk to you. You have never given me anything but dances—never your name, or a rose from your dress, or even leave to spend a moment with you except in the dancing room. Give me something to-night. Give me an hour to talk to you in."

They passed through the crowd, through the room with the green tables, where the "little horses" had just ceased to spin around to the tune of rising or falling fortune. He pushed back a bright embroidered curtain, and opened the long window that led on to the balcony.

There was no one there, for the air of April nights is chilly even in the Mediterranean.

They stepped out, and he closed the window after them. The gardens lay stretched before them, bathed in moonlight. In an angle of the balcony he set a chair for her, sat down beside her, and spoke.

"I have thought of nothing but you ever since I saw you last, and I have made up my mind to tell you everything, and to ask you—but first I want to tell you in the plainest words what you know already—that I love you, and I want you to tell me in your darling voice what I should insult you if I doubted—that you love me."

Undine fluttered her fan nervously. "Three meetings at public dances, monsieur," she said, with a light laugh that had a little discord in it.

"Oh! don't trifle with me any more," he broke in. "This is not play now; it is deadly earnest. I love you. I am going to show you my whole life, my whole heart. Have you nothing to say—nothing real? I can't speak unless you tell me you love me."

She held out her hand, from which she had taken the white glove, and clasped his brown fingers with a strong, soft pressure.

"Speak," she said.

"To-night when we waltzed together I knew that you loved me, and that we must say good-by to-night, and never see each other again."

She drew a short, startled breath. "And why?"

"That is what I am going to tell you. If I were free, I should now be asking you to be my wife."

She turned her face to him.

"You would ask me—me, a strange woman, whom you have only met amusing herself at public dances, a woman whose very name you don't know, whose past you are ignorant of—you would ask me to be your wife?"

"I would," he said. "Heaven knows with what a humble heart hoping for a good answer. But I am not free. I am married."

"And do you love your wife?" she asked, quickly.

"No," he answered, "I don't love my wife. Be patient with me, and let me tell you the whole miserable story—no concealments," he added, half to himself. "When I was a young man I was a fool. I got into debt. I gambled. I lost"—his voice trembled, and he set his teeth hard. "I gambled and lost. He went on, in a firmer voice, "and I forged the name in whose office I was to pay my debts. I meant to pay it back if I won on the next race. It was Ascot. I could not pay the money back. My employer behaved admirably, told me that he knew my secret, and allowed me to pay the sum out of my salary. That cured me of gambling, once for all. When I came into the baronetcy and the estates, of course, I left his office, and for some years I saw nothing of him. But I failed with regret that his firm had failed, and that he himself was living in what I feared was pinched retirement, no one knew where. Two years ago he sent for me. He was living at Boulogne. When I reached him he was dying, and when I saw him lying there in that poor room, and remembered that, but for him, I should have been a branded man, cut off from any society that I could ever care for, a sort of rush of gratitude came over me. I felt that there was something that I would not do for him in that hour."

"What is it you want?" I asked. "Believe me, you can count on me for everything."

"Take care of my daughter," he said. "I leave her to you."

"She was at the other side of the bed, in a shabby grey gown, her eyes red with weeping."

"Very plain, I suppose," put in Undine.

He frowned a little.

"It wasn't her fault that she looked like that," he said; "she had been crying till she could hardly see out of her eyes."

"But what am I to do with your daughter?" I asked, and I saw in a minute what a position hers would be as the ward of a young unmarried man. I cared for no one else. I was a fool; but at that moment nothing seemed to me to matter except that

he should die with his mind at rest.

"If your daughter will marry me, I will make her a good husband. I will take care of her."

"What did the girl say?" asked Undine.

"She said 'No,' with obvious and unflattering sincerity," he answered, with a hard laugh.

"But the old man raised himself in bed and said:

"Celia, this is a chance that will never come to you again. This is a good man—God bless him for saying that—and if you marry him I shall die easy and rest in my grave. Let me rest in my grave, Celia, and know that you are well cared for."

"So we were married—and the next day he died."

"And what did you do? Did you take your wife home? Was that what you did?"

"No. That's what I ought to have done. She would not see me after her father's death, and I left her there while I went home to make arrangements for her reception at Everson Court. When I came back she was gone. She had left me a letter—here it is. I have never seen her since."

Undine took the letter, and spread it out with hands that trembled a little. It ran thus:

"Dear Sir Albert Everson—Your goodness and generosity in marrying me to please my poor father have conferred an obligation on me that I can never forget. The least return I can make to you is to leave you all the freedom of my unfortunate situation permits. Forget me and forgive me, if you can, for having brought this trouble into your life."

"CELIA."

"What a stupid girl!" said Undine. "Not at all," Everson answered. "I didn't see what else she could have done."

"Have you never heard from her again?"

"Yes, she writes to me every three months, and says she is doing well."

Everson answered, "Oh, what a ghastly farce life is! Here I am, tied to her. She does not want me. And I want you, and all the tune of life things backwards."

"The old man was right," she said, "you are very good."

"And is that all you have to say? Oh! give me some word of pity—some word of comfort!"

"What can I say or do?"

"You can say 'Good-by and God bless you.' You can take off your mask, and let me just this once see your dear face. Tell me your name, and tell me you forgive me for having loved you, and for having told you so."

"Take off your mask first," she said. He broke the string, and it fell beside him on the floor.

"Forgive me," she said for having made you love me."

"I have nothing to forgive," he answered. "Show me your face before we say good-by forever."

She had loosened the mask, and was holding it in its place with her hand.

"Why should we say 'Good-by'?"

"He looked at her doubtfully.

"Why? Have I not told you why?" She spoke sharply, resolutely.

"I have made it the business of my life to see you, to talk with you, to make you love me, so that we need never part again. You love the masked lady. Will it kill your love to know?"

She asked as she dropped the mask on her knee, "that the masked lady is your wife?"—New York News.

Two investigators had been testing rocks near Mount Etna when, during the night lightning fused a telephone wire, from which an uninsulated earth wire ran along a basaltic wall, which had previously shown severely a trace of magnetism. Next morning the stones of the wall were strongly magnetic for five inches on top, sides of the wire, the polarity indicating that the current passed upward.

To enable people to send their voices to their friends through the mails is the ambition of three French inventors, who have united their ingenuity in the production of a wax-like material called "sonorine," which may be spread upon a postcard. Spoken messages may be impressed upon the prepared cards by placing them in a phonographic apparatus, into which the sender speaks, and the receiver of such a card has only to put it through a receiving phonograph in order to hear the voice of his friend as in a telephone.

What is now known as hypnosis was heralded nearly half a century ago as of great importance in medical diagnosis and as a moral aid in training children, and much greater powers have been assigned to it in recent years. A late French writer has shown that its usefulness has been greatly exaggerated. It affects only wills too weak to be aided, and it can have no value in systematic education. Gresset has concluded that it is so often harmful that it should be employed only by the practiced physician.

Forgery by phonograph is a new crime discovered in Hungary. The son of a wealthy peasant proved an orator will of his father by testimony of servants who heard a voice from the dying parent's bed, saying, "I leave all my property to my eldest son, Alois, and my other children are to get nothing." Such a statement is valid in Hungary. Subsequently, however, the police were informed that the voice the servants heard was not that of his father, but that Alois had spoken the words into a phonograph. He had placed the instrument under his father's bed, and when the old man lost consciousness called the servants in and set it going. The police searched his house and found the phonograph record as described. Alois is now to be charged with fraud.

Household Matters.

How to Disinfect a Room.
Get a large-size metal bath, and partly fill with water. Put in a pail with water, and stand in the bath. On the pail place an old metal tray; and see that it stands firmly. On the tray put two or three pounds of powdered sulphur moistened with methylated spirit. Have all apertures, save your door of exit, closely shut, and all their crovices stopped. Set fire to the sulphur.

When you have quit the room attend to the door. Open twelve hours later. Although this reads very simply, the matter is not so satisfactory as might be supposed. Wall papers, and not seldom colored fabrics are damaged by the fumes. The writer's opinion is that fumigation for clothing, etc., is a mistake. Even dry air fails because it does not penetrate properly, says Home Notes. Boiling, or treating by superheated steam will always give good results.

Kitchen Help.
A kitchen convenience which is not present in every household is a pair of sharp scissors. Scissors are used to trim lamp wicks—which is wrong—and cut papers and string; but seldom for trimming bacon and ham rinds, skinning and trimming salads. These are proper uses for the scissors, and the use of them saves much labor.

Every housewife should cultivate the habit of five-minute naps. After working hard a few hours a woman is apt to feel sleepy or "dragged out," and imagines that it is only that ordinary sin of the flesh—laziness. But if she gives in to the feeling and rests for a short time on a comfortable lounge she will feel wonderfully refreshed and will do better and quicker work than if she had foregone her catnap.

Green food is almost indispensable to canary birds, but if lettuce is scarce a good substitute may be had by planting a little of their favorite seed in small flower pots and allowing it to grow.

Ways to Serve Coffee.
Various are the ways of serving coffee, and the beverage is really seriously affected in taste by the way the cream or milk and sugar are added to it. The English way is to pour into the cup simultaneously coffee and hot milk. This kind of coffee is said to make the least demands on the digestion. The French prefer cafe au lait at the morning meal and black coffee at other meals. Cafe au lait is sometimes made by adding hot milk to plain coffee, but is better when made as follows: Place in an earthenware or granite ware pot a quart of milk and let it heat almost to boiling. Then add four tablespoonsful of freshly ground coffee. Shake the pot back and forth on the stove until the milk comes to a boil. Let it rest five minutes before serving. This also is fairly innocuous, but what is to be said for Cuban coffee, which is delicious, at least. The coffee is made extra strong, much too strong for health, and is served with the cup half full of "chick-stcream."

Do You Know—
That cake may be kept fresh by putting a fresh apple in the cake box. That any kind of canned fish should be put into a colander a few hours before it is used and boiling water poured over it.

That if soup is too salty several slices of raw potato should be added. Boil a few minutes longer when the potato will be absorbed with the salt, says the New York Mail.

That cracked eggs may be boiled if a spoonful of vinegar is added to the water.

That if lettuce leaves that have just been washed are dropped into a bag made of old table linen the moisture will be immediately absorbed if the lettuce is shaken about.

That mashed potatoes are very much improved if bits of green pepper are worked into them.

That the taste of boiled water may be improved if it is thoroughly beaten up with an egg beater.

That the bread box will be in a much better condition if it is lined with heavy manila paper that is changed twice a week. The bread keeps much longer, without any possibility of molding.

Good Things to Eat
Fruit Cookies—One cup chocolate raisins, one cup butter, three cups flour, three eggs, one-half cup molasses, two-thirds cup sugar.

May Blossom Cake—Beat to a cream three-quarters of a cup of butter, with one of sugar, add one-half cupful of sweet milk and two cupfuls of flour; then beat separately the yolks and whites of ten eggs, and after beating thoroughly together add to the cake mixture; stir in two tablespoonsful of baking powder and lastly a cupful of blanched almonds. Cover with a white icing and place almonds on top to suggest blossoms.

Bread Pudding—One and one-half slices of bread, one pint of milk, two eggs, piece of butter as large as English walnut. Sugar to taste. Salt and a little putmeg. Hot Chocolate Sauce for Pudding—Boil one cup water and one-half cup sugar three minutes. Mix three teaspoonfuls grated chocolate and one teaspoon cornstarch with two-thirds cup of milk. Stir in with sugar and water. Boil until it thickens a little.

Lemon Pie—One cup sugar and one large cooking spoon of flour, mixed thoroughly. Then add juice and grated rind of one large or two small lemons, one cup boiling water, small piece butter and one whole egg and yolks of two more. Stir all together and cook in double boiler or over hot water until thick. Bake crust first. Make a rich crust, prick with a fork all over, every inch; bake a nice brown, turn in the filling and cover with meringue made of whites of eggs.



GOOD ROADS

Speech of a Wise Man.

GOOD roads was the keynote of one of the ablest speeches made in Congress this session. It delivered in the House of Representatives by Representative Lee, of Georgia, who, with telling force, brought out fact after fact about the deplorable condition of American roads generally. It is a significant fact that his speech was listened to with the closest attention by members of the House.

Representative Lee began by saying that all civilized governments build roads, and that all save our own have some established system for building and maintaining public highways, under the direction of skilled and competent officials. Early in this century some work of this kind was done by the Federal Government. The dawn of railway building and steam transportation, he said, seems to have largely drawn public attention and enterprise from our common highways, as a natural consequence, for more than fifty years—years that have been full of thrilling life and vigor for us as a nation; years that have no parallel in the history of our race for triumphs of man over nature; years that have been filled with a succession of wonders and triumphs in every field of human thought and endeavor. But the greatest wonder of all these wondrous years is that as a nation we have utterly ignored our country roads, and we seem surprised when we look about us and find them no better than they were half a century ago.

Continuing, Mr. Lee said: "The able Secretary of Agriculture estimates that the cost, the extra burdens imposed upon this country by bad roads, is not less than \$600,000,000 annually. These figures almost stagger credulity, but who can gainsay them? And yet, when a bill was recently introduced in this House to appropriate \$25,000,000 annually for abating this great and continuing loss, it was ridiculed in some quarters as a fake—visionary and impracticable—as if it were wild and unreasonable to stop a leak of hundreds of millions of dollars with this comparatively small appropriation. But those who reviled it have not seized upon the opportunity to propose a better plan."

"Forty millions of dollars were promptly handed out from the public treasury to pay for the privilege of spending \$20,000,000 more to dig a ditch in foreign lands than 1000 miles from home. Not one-hundredth of our people will ever see it, not one of 1000 of our people will ever feel his burden lightened or his joy and comfort of life increased when it is finished. One-half the sum it will cost, if intelligently expended upon our public highways during the next ten years, would give 100 times as many comforts and pleasures to 1000 times as many of our people. The canal will be a great public utility, no doubt, but better roads are a crying public need, now—every day."

"If the army needs a road it gets it. Even our possessions in the Far East, the Philippine Islands, have been the objects of our solicitude care to the extent of expending \$5,000,000 in building roads for them. Porto Rico, though not much larger than some of our counties, has had over \$2,000,000 expended upon its roads since it came into our possession. During our brief occupancy of Cuba our Government expended \$2,500,000 upon its public roads. Even these little dots in the Pacific, the Hawaiian Islands, have come in for a share and have a contemplated expenditure of \$2,500,000 upon their roads. These various sums aggregate \$13,000,000 that have been expended during the past few years in building roads, not a foot of which lies within the United States. What have we against our own people that we should deny to them blessings that are freely extended to the idle islanders of the seas?"

"But other interests and forces are coming to the aid of the solitary and unorganized farmer. His friends in the cities, having grown rich and equipped themselves liberally with self-propelled vehicles, want better roads to roll them over, and they are interested in the problem of the roads. The manufacturer, learning from experience that bad roads interfere materially with his obtaining steady and continuous supplies of raw material, wants the roads improved. The millions of operatives in the mines, factories and shops are learning that bad roads increase the cost and disturb the regular supply of food products from the farms which they must have, and they want better roads. The merchant has learned that bad roads retard and repress trade, and he wants them mended. Our Postoffice Department is greatly hindered and hampered in its efforts to supply to the country regular and reliable mail service for lack of better roads. In fact, it would be hard to name an interest, an industry, or an individual who would not be benefited by better roads."

Representative Lee said that if he had the privilege of writing upon the statute books a law that had more of the promise and potency for immediate and lasting good to all the people than any law that has been proposed or discussed in the House, it would be a law creating a Department of Public Highways, to act through and in conjunction with State, county and municipal authorities in redeeming the country from the throngs and thrallions of its miserable roads, and he would give that department not less than \$50,000,000 a year until the work had reached a satisfactory stage of advancement.

"So here we are," said he, "right in the middle of the road, and the sorriest kind of a road at that. A condition confronts us, not a theory. Are not 100 years of observation long enough to convince us that the roads will not reform themselves?"—The Automobile.

Have a Cured Cold.
"I've got a fresh cold," Representative John Wesley Gaines, of Tennessee, complained.

"Why have a fresh one?" asked Representative Stanley, of Kentucky. "Why not have it cured?"



SOUTHERN FARM NOTES.

TOPICS OF INTEREST TO THE PLANTER, STOCKMAN AND TRUCK GROWER.

The Soy Bean.
A professor of the Virginia Experiment Station wrote to the Southern Planter a recommendation of the soy bean. It may not be as valuable for this State as the velvet bean, but it has one advantage that will be appreciated in many places, that it is not a climber. The velvet bean is such a rampant grower that it is difficult to keep it from overrunning the orange trees in a grove. The evidence seems to indicate that it is quite as good for stock and less trouble to get in shape for feeding.

The soy bean is one of our most valuable leguminous crops, rivaling the cowpea, and surpassing it in many sections where the elevation is high and the climate cool. It withstands a drought very well, and will thrive surprisingly well on poor, dry soils. Soy beans will grow under many conditions of soil and climate unfavorable to cowpeas and other legumes. The value of the soy bean as a soil improver has been known to the farmers of the State for many years, but the characteristics of the different varieties are, as a rule, not well understood. This is unfortunate, for some of these varieties are worthless, while others are good grain and forage producers.

Several varieties were grown on the station test plot last season which failed to mature seed, while others matured seed early in September.

The soy bean commonly used throughout the south is an excellent variety for many sections, but failed to mature seed at Blacksburg last season. This bean was sold by the seedmen without any variety name for many years, but was given the name of Mammoth Yellow by this station on account of its large growth and to distinguish it from other varieties. Lately some of the seedmen under this name, and we hope to be able to get every seedman throughout the country to give the soy bean that they are selling some definite name, and then the useful qualities of the several varieties can be determined.

The best yielding varieties at this station last year were, first, the Japanese, which matured September 1, and gave a yield of 15.25 bushels per acre; the second best yielding variety was the No. 10 Sun Yellow, which matured September 17, and gave a yield of 13.5 bushels per acre; the third best yielding variety was the Extra Early Black, which matured September 1, and gave a yield of 13.2 bushels per acre. The Holybrook and Breck's soy bean, which are similar to the Mammoth Yellow, failed to mature seed at this station, but would not doubt do so on the Coastal plain region.

One can readily see that a great mistake could be made in buying seed of the soy bean without knowing the variety name and understanding something about its date of ripening and yielding power.

At present it is not known by the writer where seed of the Japanese soy bean can be obtained, but the Virginia Experiment Station expects to have seed of this variety to distribute in small quantities among the farmers of the State this fall.

Those receiving seed will be expected to grow the beans under our direction and sell them to their neighbors at a reasonable cost so that any desiring to test the value of this crop may have an opportunity to do so.

Any information concerning the different varieties of the soy bean or their value in the rotation will be cheerfully furnished to the station.

Cost of Keeping Hens.
Farm and Ranch gives the figures of the cost of keeping the hens and the best methods as follows:

Taking the hens as the basis—as the capital invested—the question of profit hinges on her utility, the amount it costs to feed her, and the number of eggs she can be made to or induced to lay in a year, or any given period of time. We are sure that this question is not taken very seriously by farmers, because they seldom give their hens any particular care or attention, and in a great many cases do not feed them at all, except in the non-productive winter season.

Still, the whole question of poultry keeping hinges right here, for no one would care to engage in a losing enterprise. There must be something tangible about it—something like a foundation to it, and the chances to gain by it through work and time devoted to it by those who are in earnest, seeking to solve the problem favorably, to their financial betterment.

To give facts that are of any value to others, a person can only fully and truthfully relate personal experience. The writer, as most of our readers know, is a keeper of poultry, and has had much to say on the subject in these columns, and in other papers of similar class, for a period of twenty years. And yet, our experience is limited, and we stand open to conviction.

Pointed Paragraphs.
A homely girl always selects a girl homelier than herself for her brides-maid.

Heavenly considerations often appear trifling to a man until he has some treasure there.

The Bible contains the mathematics of morality, the trigonometry of truth, the biology of the blessed life, the science of the soul.

There are men of money who think they are lending their gold to the Lord while the colleges are paying them back by degrees.